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My mother wouldn't ride . . .

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My mother wouldn't ride, but when the horses had been turned out to pasture, she'd pour salt on our cabin floor, and dance all night for the cowboys. One summer she missed a turn driving into town, and rolled her car into a ditch. She was so happy to be hurt, to be an event. In the hospital she introduced me to a girl who'd spent two days pulling slivers of glass from her teased and bloody hair. My mother asked, did you miss me? But before I could answer, she turned to the girl and said, we have had such a time.